CATATAN PELIPUR LARA

Guratan kenangan yang masih tersisa walau disapu badai

Aku kan Hentikan Dunia dan Meleleh Bersamamu (Bag. X)

September 15, 2019 by kinky ninja | Leave a comment

> *Real relationships are the product of time spent, which is why so many of us have so few of them.*
>
> —Craig D. Lounsbrough

MEMORIES

- Tentang Homofobia
- Pasca Agustus '25
- Singapura, Juni 2026: Tangerine
- Gregorius Hugo
- À l'éloge des femmes plus âgées
- Manusiawi, Teramat Manusiawi
- Anarkis #12: Tentang Alfredo Bonnano
- Paradoks Kesempurnaan Sistem
- Kisah Singkat Soal Pengkhianatan
- Tentang Penderitaan

TIME

September 2019

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

« Aug Oct »

RECENT RESPONSES

- kinky ninja on Pasca Agustus ’25
- pollastrius on Pasca Agustus ’25
- kinky ninja on Gregorius Hugo
- Penyuka yuka honjo on Gregorius Hugo
- kinky ninja on Anarkis #12: Tentang Alfredo Bonnano
- kinky ninja on Manusiawi, Teramat Manusiawi
- Library Assistant on Manusiawi, Teramat Manusiawi
- rex tukangtidur on Anarkis #12: Tentang Alfredo Bonnano
- kinky ninja on Kisah Singkat Soal Pengkhianatan
- kinky ninja on Tentang Penderitaan

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STORAGE

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STRONGEST MEMORIES

Anarkis #5.0: May Day 2018 di Yogyakarta (Bag. I)

Saat ini adalah Sesuatu yang Abadi: Tentang Cara Menatap

Tentang sebuah Kata

Irama yang Hilang: Tentang Kesepian dan Agresivitas

Le Jeune Homme Amoureux: Buah Terlarang

Anarkis #5.1: May Day 2018 di Yogyakarta (Bag. II) – Tentang Vandalisme

Balada Pekerja (Bag. III): Kalau Pekerja Salah, Lihat Judul Bagian II.

Balada Kaum Papa (Bag. II): Kehendak Berkuasa

Tentang Pengalaman Seksual Harian (Bag. II)

Alasan Mengapa Kloset Jongkok Lebih Baik dibandingkan Kloset Duduk

Categories: Portrait of an older woman | Permalink.

Author: kinky ninja

I am only human. Lived in Jakarta but somehow left parts of my heart somewhere else. This blog is about getting on with things as they are. The disasters are all about continuity, about finding ways of enduring in the face of hopelessness; what we do deals in the need to find ways of

telling truth in a postmodern world of rumbling emotional chaos. My writings are about both; about bearing the unbearable and giving a true account of it. This is my memories, this is my journey to fade into nothingness.

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